

## OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

### TO THE GIRL AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

#### Aunt Jennie Writes a Letter of Friendly Counsel.

Well, my girl, you have reached school and your room has been assigned you. Are you satisfied with the location of it, and are your room mates congenial, or are you disgusted with the whole thing? Remember, my dear girl, that you have always been the pet at home, but now you must stand alone and people will soon learn what you are; but of one thing you may be sure, and that is that your whims, likes and dislikes will not be catered to, but that your eccentricities will every single one be noted and commented on by the other girls. Don't be too free in expressing your opinions. A true lady is always marked by a modest degree of reserve. I would beg of you that you be not one of those who comment and criticize everything and everybody, for if you join that class you will develop into a very disagreeable girl, courting unpopularity, and the chances are that you'll be a tattler before you realize it. Last night while seated at the piano, playing some very solemn chords, it seemed to me that a flood of school-girl tears swept over my soul and I felt like I could embrace each of you and tell you to be brave. Your tears, fears and longings are only the pickets on life's battlefield. The real battle is set for tomorrow. Don't fret. You don't intend to be a deserter; you don't intend to even shirk a duty. Keep the rug from wearing in front of your mirror by not standing on it too much. To occupy that position too often and too long indicates a lack of brain power. I believe it a duty that you owe the world to look as pretty as you can consistently, but in order to do so you must leave some of the frills of fashion off. Use common-sense in all things—it is a bitter pill sometimes, but I have never known a constitution undermined by it. Never slight a girl because she is poor or ugly. I trust you have more sense than to be lieve that riches make character. Poverty is no disgrace and money is often a curse. Back of fine clothes there is a lovable trait or a hateful disposition—which do you prefer? You perhaps can possess both, but the poorest girl you know can be lovable if she will. Be honest. I know that there are what they call "practical jokes," such as taking possession of and wearing or using another girl's overshoes and umbrella, ribbon, rings, and they tell me even clothes. Such practices lead to pure old-fashioned roguery. That last is an ugly word, but half of the disease diagnosed as kleptomania is simply plain stealing and should be treated as such. Listen attentively, and then heed the advice of your teachers. They positively know what is best for you, while your own opinions may prove to be only very inapt guesswork. Don't take it into your pretty little head that you are a woman grown, and therefore need to listen to no one save your own inclinations. Tendencies are dangerous things if not properly curbed, and may lead those little feet of yours into forbidden paths and at last to the dungeon of despair. Hold your head up, be proud, but don't be haughty—there is such a difference; one demands respect, the other makes you detestable. Now, my girl, I trust that you be not clannish. You can't afford it; and another thing you can't afford is to indulge in fine clothes; if you

can't know positively that you are able financially to do so. I once heard a prominent merchant remark that if the bills of certain prominent women in his town were paid, they would be seen on the streets in calico dresses instead of handsome silks. I shuddered, then felt disgusted at their weakness. Wear calico and keep your conscience clear. You will be happier than attired in silk when you know that some one else foots the bill. Oh! I beg of you, be modest. After all it is woman's crowning virtue. Beauty counts naught beside it. A thistle is pretty, but it stings when you grasp and try to hold it as your own. Know your place and keep it, thus commanding respect and humanity will honor you. This thought I must impress upon you: You will be just what you make yourself in spite of all admonitions and anxious tears of those who love you. Your wings are developing and you will soon fly whithersoever you will. The world is wide; you choose the course and may God keep and guide you.

We extend hearty welcome to those who join us this week and always enjoy the visits of old friends.

AUNT JENNIE.

#### How Girls Encourage Intemperance.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I have thought of writing to our Social Chat for some time, but have not done so for fear of that old cat, the waste basket. And even now, I fear lest I may be devoured. Jack Klinard, just hold the cat a few minutes and I will help you a little with that miniature war you have been carrying on. You see I can hear your batteries, even though I have been silent all the while. I fair I am not much of a warrior when it comes to fighting the fair sex. I am apt to hang out the white flag of truce when it comes to this. However, in this case I am bound to say I think Jack is right in advocating neatness. Let it apply to both men and women, thought it is generally conceded that it is expected of the women most especially.

While I endorse Jack's views on this subject, I can see no reason why I may not endorse "Pansy's" also.

Now, Aunt Jennie, I started out to write on another subject, and I hope it will not bring such a shower of disapprovals as Jack Klinard's ticle. Temperance is the subject which I have a desire to talk on. Now you all doubtless disapprove of the vice of drunkenness, but there is another phase of this subject which is of vital concern to all who desire to see the day dawn when this vice shall be all in the past. Great day! There is a class of men such as fill the ditch and wallow in the mire, to whom all talk is in vain. But there is another class who drink only behind the door and in secret places, and yet rank as the best of society. Of such beware! The only cause of their not drinking heavily is the disgrace. Let him get away on an excursion where none of his friends are, and no one knows him, and he will show his real colors by getting "hog" drunk.

I do not say this is the case every time, but the girl that marries a "tippling" man runs a narrow risk.

Now one of the greatest hindrances to stamping out this vice is the encouragement that the "jolly-go-merry" fellow gets at the hands of the fair sex. Laugh, if you will, but it is a fact, that in society to-day, the best men of this stamp not only win recognition, but in some places a decided preference is shown them. This is not the least among the causes that make drinking the greatest curse of our fair land, and until this is realized by the girls,

efforts at stamping out "tippling" will be all but in vain.

If you will excuse me this time I will try to say a few words not so "lecturery" next time. Let us hear from Jack often. With best wishes to Jim Dorman, Pansy, Spunk, and all our bright Chatterers, I am,

Your new cousin,

ZEB SPORT.

Bladen Co., N. C.

#### Two Recipes From Jeanie Deans.

Chutney.—Scald, peel and slice one gallon ripe tomatoes, slice one dozen large onions, four pods red pepper; add one heaping tablespoon salt, two of sugar, one quart apple vinegar and mixed spices to taste. Put all in a closely covered boiler and steam for fifteen minutes. Put in jars and seal. This is one of Heinz's recipes, and is fine.

Tomato Sweet Pickles.—To eight pounds ripe tomatoes, scalded and peeled, add four pounds sugar, one quart good vinegar, sticks of cinnamon bark and other spices to suit the taste. Cover in close boiler and cook for three hours. This does not need sealing. Keeps well open and is good with fresh meats in winter.

JEANIE DEANS.

Laurens Co., S. C.

#### A Grandmother's Letter.

Dear Aunt Jennie: I have been a reader of The Progressive Farmer for some time, and like it just fine. Its columns are brim full of wholesome, practical instruction. I do think it should have a place on the desk of every family, for it contains something that is of interest to every one. My attention has been somewhat attracted to the Social Chat's and as some of the members have invited the grandfathers and grandmothers to join you, I have decided to just slip around and peep in and see if you could recognize a silver-haired grandmother who has passed her sixty-third milepost. Physically, a shut-in invalid, but thanks to our Heavenly Father my mind and affections are not shut-in. I can guide this pen and tell you my sympathy reaches out to "motherless Snow Birds." Among all the objects of pity, I do think motherless children stand in first ranks, especially the girls. I, too, have no recollection of my mother, and father died eight years later, so I was left fatherless and motherless, lived with relatives until I married; married quite young—at fifteen. I cannot endorse such young marriages as best every time. But I think I did right. I got a good husband—eight years older than myself; a nice home and plenty to make a good start in life, and I do think I found as good a mother in my mother-in-law as any real mother could have been. It seems impossible that a child could love a real mother any better than I

did her. She, too, has long since gone to her reward. And as Holy Writ says: "Her own children [with myself] can rise up and call her blessed." I want to encircle Snow Bird and all motherless children in my arms, press them to my bosom and tell them be of good cheer. God is love. Trust Him. Live as near Him as possible. He tells us in His Word that a mother may forget her sucking child, but He never will forget one that is trusting His Fatherly watch-care. There are so many grand and precious promises left on record for our inspiration that it makes our poor hearts leap for joy inexpressible.

That little short word of four letters, "Love." Yet it knows no bounds. So let us love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. Seize opportunities as they pass. It will add to our own strength also. Let love abound that grace may much more abound.

GRANDMAMA.

Union Co., N. C.

## B. & B.

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